



OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SELECTIONS FOR THEIR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

some instructive as Well as Enjoyable Reading for the Children's Perusal.

Father Time's Letter.

I thank You.
Three little words, nine letters wide,
And yet how much these words betide!
How much of thought or tenderness
This short "I thank you!" may express?

When spoken with a proud disdain,
They still the heart like frozen rain;
When indifference marks its tone,
Then love's sweet impulse into stone.

Be not afraid, my little one,
As often goes on beneath the sun,
To see marching in life's motley ranks,
For all your blessings to "give thanks."

Just thank your God for life so fair,
For tender mercies great and rare,
For health and strength for home and friends,
And loving care that never ends.

You thank the ones, whosoever they be,
Who do a kindness unto thee,
But ever you little, pain you less,
The sweet "I thank you!" to express.

—New York Ledger.

A BOY IN OLD LONDON.

A Look at the Big City Four Centuries Ago.

It was a great event in the life of a boy brought up in a quiet Englishshire to go to the great city of London. Think what it was for a Massachusetts boy to visit Boston, or a boy brought up on a little New Jersey farm to go to New York city, but far be it of wonder and delight, and it meant a great deal more in those old days—1852—for many reasons. First of all it was a journey, and sometimes an adventurous one, to go from the country to London—after Forcyle's mother had died he crossed him out solemnly that morning when at early dawn he and his brother Eliza, Forcyle, had started on their journey. They were going to London to see a great sight—the coronation in honor of the battle of Agincourt, the famous victory of Henry V. over the French.

There was a great deal more of what we might call street-history than that. There was no important national event that was not celebrated by some street pageant or procession. The festivals of the Church had their beginning set-downs in processions and street celebrations, as well as the more solemn part in the great cathedrals; so that most of us may have known very little of them, for we could have been very educated indeed who could have written his own name then—he had always open before him the living book of new page after page showing their brilliant pictures before his eyes on highway and thoroughfare.

Young Gilbert had never seen London. He had listened in eager silence to his father's descriptions of the wrestlers and archers contending for prizes before the mayor or alderman, of the plays and games performed by men in masks and costumes, of that pretty and kindly old English feast—the "Feasting in the Bay" in the spring-time; and surely this would be a goodly sight, for their own home had conquered fair France!

As they came into the city, it was about dusk, and they could see lights shining steadily, and marked the blazes of many bonfires. Young Gilbert heard for the first time a sound he never forgot—the tumultuous, indistinguishable mingling of many sounds into one—the inarticulate roar of a great city which never ceases day nor night.

"But who are these, Alice?" questioned his cousin. "By my troth, it is a goodly host."

"These are the retainers of the great Earl of Warwick," replied Alice, in an awed tone. "They all wear scarlet, and carry his device. It is said an army in red are fed at his different houses every day."

"What say you? Are these the 'Fighting in the Bay' in the spring-time, and surely this would be a goodly sight, for their own home had conquered fair France?"

Gilbert laughed, for it was a queer sight. The men were all in blue and tawny—tawny is a yellowish brown color like tan—but their gowns were blue on the left, and tawny on the right, giving them a curious look not unlike clowns dressed for a circus.

Then there was a shout. It seemed to come from the ground beneath them and the air above them, so completely did it fill and blot out every other sound. The bells pealed out again. At that day London was a city of bells, and the bells from every church steeple rang for every experience of sorrow or joy, for fire, for the approach of an enemy, for the peaceful calling of the people to prayer, and for birth, for baptism, for marriage, for birth, for the welcoming of a king. The air vibrated with the rich, sweet notes of bells near and far-off, and Gilbert's heart almost seemed to stop beating in the earnestness of his expectation, for the young king was approaching. Close to him were the dukes, earls and marshals, the noble French prisoners, and the soldiers of Arincourt, but the boy had no eyes except for the King of England. He was dressed in the purple robes of state, but seemed unmindful of all the splendor about him, or of anything but the shouts and the joy of his people. He was young—twelve or thirteen years old—and had no beard upon his face. His eyes were keen and bright, and his mouth had the look of one who could endure hardness. Gilbert remembered the fine clothes and gold-work, the pompos retinues of the nobles who had passed, and how small they seemed to him in comparison with this plain but masterful soldier-king, a true king because first of all a true man, who loved virtue and honor rather than flattery or ease. They had stood so long watching the procession pass that now when the king had passed, the day was near its close, but Gilbert had learned a lesson worth the knowing and worth the living.

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The Rock-a-by-Lady.

The Rock-a-by lady from Hushaby street.

Comes stealing; comes creeping;

The poppies hung from her head to her feet.

And each has a dream that is tiny and fleet—

She brings her poppies to you, my sweet,

When she finds you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—

"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;

There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,

And lo! tick and fast the other dreams come—

Of poppies that hang and tin tops that hum,

And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dolls peep out of those wee little

eyes,

With laughter and singing;

And boats go floating on silvery streams,

And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams.

With a fainting and singing;

Wife (soothingly)—If you had not only stopped to consider it, dearie, for you know, we never were born without teeth! Ugh!

With a fainting and singing;

Husband (who has had "Jumping navel-gas" for two days)—Ugh! I don't see why, oh, oh—oh—we were not born without teeth! Ugh!

With a fainting and singing;

Wife (soothingly)—If you had not only stopped to consider it, dearie, for you know, we never were born without teeth!—Trut-Tits.

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